

# The Sky Line Trail

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*A Modern Pilgrim's Progress — on Simpson Summit*

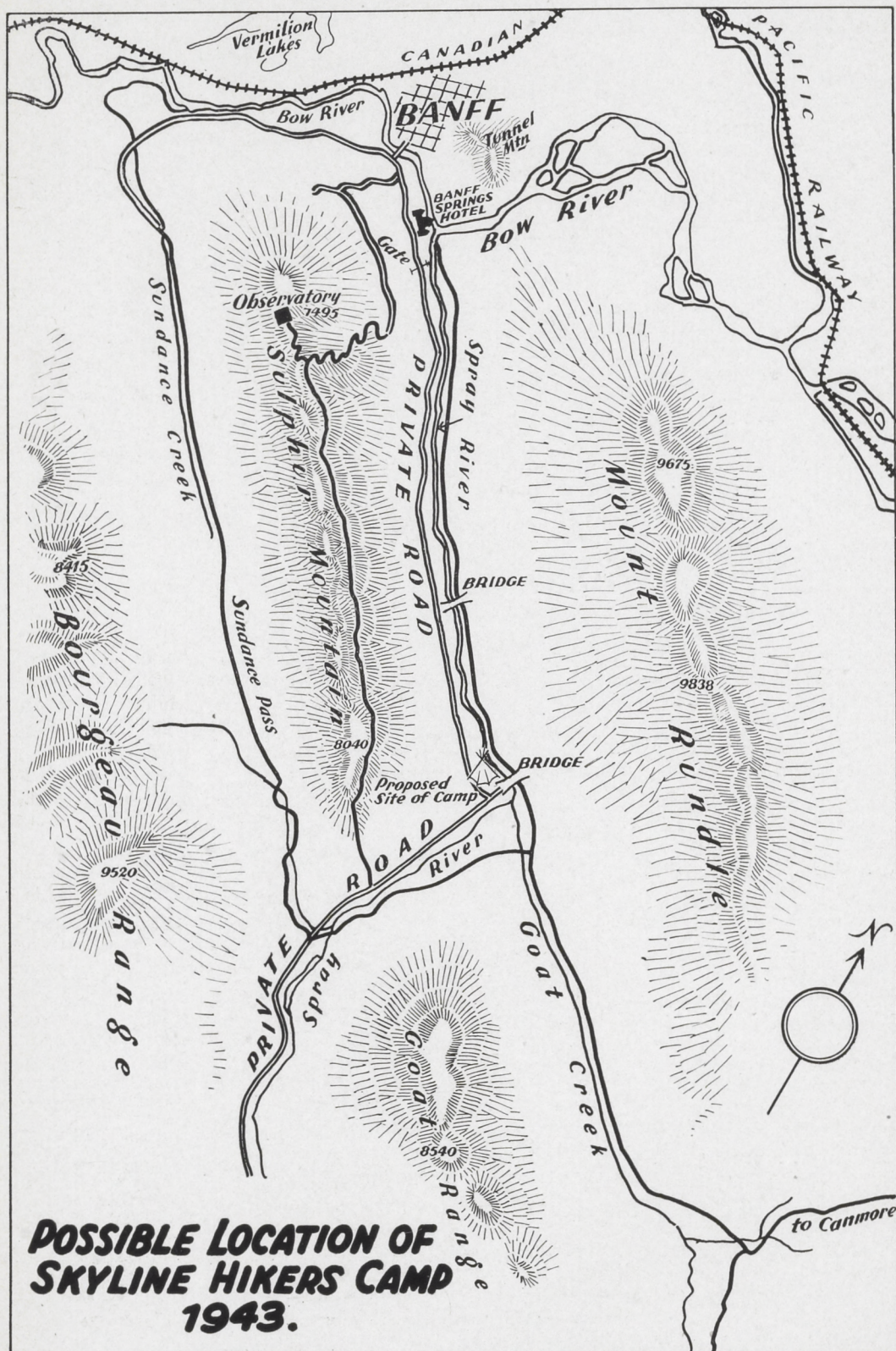
C.P.R. Photo.

BULLETIN No. 37  
FEBRUARY 15, 1943



Printed in Canada.







*N. B. Sanson Recommends:*

## **SPRAY RIVER LOCATION FOR HIKERS' CAMP**

Following our tradition of holding the Sky Line Hikers Camp during the week-end following the Trail Ride, the date for our Camp of 1943 will be from Friday, August 6th, to Monday, August 9th, with the possibility of extension for another day if enough members express their wish to maintain the Camp for five days instead of four. The selection of date is due to the fact that we rent our tepee equipment from the Trail Riders and also because the date suits not only those of the Trail Riders who wish to participate but also a number of Alpine climbers who may be tempted to join us after the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada.

Owing to the rubber tire and gas situation, the Executive Committee at its last meeting anticipated the prospect of having to find a location near Banff, with an alternative of Lake O'Hara, if prospective members coming from the east would be prepared to pay the extra rail fare to Wapta from Banff. The location near Banff recommended by Ex-President N. B. Sanson, who has hiked every trail in the territory probably more than any one else, is adjoining the junction of the Goat Creek and Spray on trails skirting that river, with ample time for trout fishing as a side line. The Spray is a fast running clear water tributary of the Bow River, which has eaten its way during countless ages through a gully between Mount Rundle (9,838 feet above sea level) and Sulphur Mountain (8,040 feet). The Observatory on Sulphur Mountain is an easy and favourite climb from Banff by way of the Upper Hot Springs. A trail follows the crest of this mountain southerly along the summit ridge to drop down to the Spray River at the north end of Goat Mountain. This trail commands magnificent panoramas of the Spray River and Spray Lakes Valley.

On the western side of Sulphur Mountain is Sun Dance Pass, connecting the Spray River Valley with the Bow River through a picturesque canyon which is familiar to most people who visit Banff for any length of time. It was this Canyon that suggested to Ralph Connor the title for his novel "The Sun Dance Patrol". The western wall of the Sun Dance Pass is provided by the Bourgeau Range which has one peak listed as high as 9,520 feet above sea level.



*Ex-President N. B. Sanson*

The Spray River is divided from its tributary Goat Creek by Goat Mountain, marked by two peaks of which the higher is 9,300 feet. Goat Mountain won its name as a haunt of the mountain goat, and several of these agile climbers are depicted in snapshots which Mr. Sanson has lent us for this Bulletin (see page 6). Those who wish to do some climbing will find in the trail leading up Goat Creek Valley the easiest route to the southern peaks of Mount Rundle. The views from these peaks, particularly those looking north-west to Mounts Ingismaldie, Peechee and the Fairholme Mountains, are of spectacular beauty and splendour. The trail up Goat Creek divides at the Warden's cabin, one fork swinging westward to a gap which commands a view of Canmore and the Bow Valley, while the other continues north-west of the Three Sisters to the Upper Spray Lake, or climbs through a pass over Goat Range to rejoin the Spray River Trail.

This brief survey indicates that the location in question provides a Camp with ample variety of hikes for a four or five day stay, and all with access to good fishing.

There are various problems in connection with alternative Camps at Lake O'Hara and Shadow Lake. If these prove surmountable, these alternatives will be discussed in a later bulletin.





A



B

### *The Proposed New Insignia*

At the Council Meeting held on August 2nd at Sunshine Lodge, following a discussion on the question of retaining or changing the present insignia (used to attach to sticks, alpenstocks or ties) for a button or brooch of the same size as that of the Trail Riders, the majority were in favour of a change, but there was difference of opinion as to the design. Of the designs suggested by R. H. Palenske and put up on the notice board at the Lodge, that marked "A" received the largest number of votes.

At the suggestion of Peter Whyte, the Secretary was asked to request Mr. Palenske to draw an alternative design incorporating a hiker's boot, so that the continuity of that theme should not be lost. A resolution was passed that the two designs should be submitted to a mail vote by those whose names appear on the letterhead of the Sky Line Trail Hikers.

The resulting vote shows a substantial majority for design marked "B". Of the forty-one who responded to the circular, twenty-five voted for the boot design which will therefore be our new insignia, although manufacture may be delayed for the duration, due to metal restrictions.

In the meanwhile, there are a few of the old insignia still available, but if there is no demand, they will be salvaged.

## SON OF A. O. WHEELER WINS NEW DISTINCTION

The title of Surveyor-General of India has been conferred upon Brigadier Sir Edward Oliver Wheeler, M.C. who had the added distinction of being included in His Majesty's list of New Year honors. Appointment to the Indian post raised his rank from colonel to brigadier.

News of Sir Edward's promotion was received by his father, Arthur O. Wheeler of Sidney, B.C., honorary vice-president of the Sky Line Trail Hikers, and was heard with interest by his many friends in Canada and the United States, particularly those associated with the Alpine Club which the elder Mr. Wheeler founded some 36 years ago.



Born in Ottawa in 1890, Sir Edward was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope and Royal Military College, where he won high scholastic honors. At the outset of the last war he was stationed in India whence he was dispatched to India as officer in charge of the Indian Contingent.

His alpine exploits include the climbing of the North Col of Mount Everest, over 20,000 feet above sea level.

He was also commissioned by the Indian Survey to map Mount Everest on the Tibetan side by methods developed during extensive phototopographical surveying with his father in the Canadian Rockies.

Lectures on outdoor life in Canada by Dan McCowan, western secretary of the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies and outstanding Canadian naturalist, will be delivered to members of Canada's armed forces throughout the current year.

The post of western secretary, made vacant by Mr. McCowan's absence, will be tempo-

rarily filled by L. S. Crosby of Banff, Alta., a Trail Hiker of long standing.

Mr. McCowan assumes his new duties at the request of the National War Services Committee of the Y.M.C.A. and for that purpose has been granted a year's leave of absence by the Canadian Pacific Railway.





*Spray River near Goat Creek*

Photo by N. B. Sanson





*At Home on the Range;  
Rocky Mountain Goat*



*Camera Shy? Not a  
Bit*

*Photos by N. B. Sanson*





*"Lake O'Hara" Comes Back Home*

C. Rungius

## NATIONAL GALLERY GETS SUPERB PAINTING BY CARL RUNGIOUS

A painting of Lake O'Hara now graces the walls of the National Gallery at Ottawa, thanks to the generosity of Carl Rungius, prominent animal and landscape painter, whose painting of this colourful section of the Rockies has been transferred to the Canadian institution from the Biltmore Galleries in Los Angeles.

The picture, which was referred to by Mr. H. O. McCurry, Director of the National Gallery, as "one of Mr. Rungius' best works", will be a notable addition to American Art in the National Gallery, particularly at this time when the trustees are permitted to purchase paintings by Canadian artists only.

Transfer of the painting from the Biltmore Galleries, where it had previously reposed, to Ottawa was effected primarily through the



efforts of Mr. J. M. Wardle, Director of the Department of Mines and Resources, who communicated Mr. Rungius' offer to the Gallery's Board of Trustees.

Well known to Sky Line Hikers and Trail Riders, Mr. Rungius came to the United States from Europe in 1894, and has been engaged in painting ever since. He makes a specialty of American and Canadian big game and landscapes, particularly in the vicinity of

Banff, where he has a summer home.

His paintings have been exhibited in numerous American societies, including the National Academy, Society of American Artists and Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He is a life member of the Zoological Society of New York, member of the Society of Animal Painters and Sculptors, and was elected N.A. in 1920.



# So You've Been Hiking!

by Mary Weekes

"So you've been hiking!" said my friend Norah. Her voice, smooth as emulsion, was a concoction of sarcasm and incredulity. She knew I never walked when I could ride. She knew my vanity in my snooty car which I could put anywhere. She leafed over the pages of the Sky Line Trail magazine that lay on my table and picked up the Hiker's Song Sheet.

"Yes," I said. I always feel apologetic when I am up against the stark arrogant youth of Norah.

"Umm!" said Norah. "A little rough on a woman past thirtish? Or was it?"

I ignored her candour. Young things are like that — blunt and to the point with no regard for feelings. Actually, the "past thirtish" was flattering.

"No!" I said. "Scrambling about in the Rockies was good fun. The Sky Line Hikers are really "tough" walkers. I stuck it out. I tagged along."

"You did? You kept up with them?" Norah stared at me.

"I did!" I said firmly, contriving to keep my voice casual. I'd never let a bumptious youngster of twenty down me. But I felt nervous. And when I am nervous I hum. I picked up the Song Sheet and hummed:

When it's trail time in the Rockies  
I'll come hiking back to you—

"Who cooked that up?" said Norah, almost snatching the sheet out of my hand.

"An author from Montreal. He was with us."

## *Actors and Magicians?—Of Course*

Norah snorted, "Troubadours on the loose, eh?" She flipped over a page. "Not bad! Not bad at all!" she said, humming.

And green's the grass on Simpson Pass,  
Up in the heights of Sunshine.

"No, not bad!" she concluded, adding. "I suppose you had actors and magicians — all that kind of baggage along too?"

"Of course!" I said, delighting in Norah's perception, "we had Travers Coleman and Sam Ward — very merry, merry men. As for a magician, there must have been one in the party, else how could the portable organ have popped up at sing-songs, as if out of nowhere? Now I know! He must have been that mysterious



C.P.R. Photo

## *Two Authors Get Together*

lawyer from Philadelphia who sat around Sunshine Lodge, but never went hiking. He was tall, handsome and wore a goatee."

"Do tell!" said Norah. "Yes, I see you did bring up in the rear." She was glancing at the pictures again. "I can't imagine you bringing up in the rear of anything. Any complaints from the "smart" walkers?" she laughed.

"Not one!" I said with a twinge.

"Hah! An Emily Post-ish crowd!"

Now, I had no intention of confessing my private chagrin to the contemptuous Norah; the well-disguised, but sympathetic jeer I had detected in the eyes of the ace walkers when Gentleman Sydney Vallance pushed or hoisted me up to the Simpson Plateau where I tottered dizzily. Mr Smith of Vancouver suggested a breather. What etiquette!

## *Norah is Relentless*

"I've heard you say that you would have to be paid to walk in the Rockies," said Norah.

The girl was relentless. I'd show her.

"Oh, that!" I said. "That was before I discovered these de luxe walking trips.





C.P.R. Photo

*Sunshine Serenaders Wax Harmonious*

Norah was humming:

... on the new Egypt trail that I found her,  
um-hum ... a chipmunk that sat on her tail—

"Same guy write this?" she said.

"Same guy!" I said.

Would nothing impress the girl? I began again.

"Up and up we went, in the rarefied air, to Sunshine Valley, to the edge of Simpson Pass Summit. We were eight thousand feet above sea-level. We hiked, we slid. I fell."

"Good thing you didn't get cracked up," laughed Norah.

"Dr. Gow was with us. He had his little black bag," I said.

Norah didn't hear me. She was giggling over the pictures. She said,

"Can't see that pants improve these gals — these 'stylish stouts'. Take this one! A peplum at the rear would improve her. Hah! Who are these pretty janes in dude jeans? They look easy in their dude outfits."

"Jean Stewart and Jane Diverty. They do. They are," I said wearily. Norah was giving me a "headache."

"Hello! Here are you. In a skirt. Not even a plaid shirt! Goodness! If you plan to go trudging off again with those — those nuts, I'm going to fix you up! Pants!"

*"Middle-aged Dementia" says Norah*

"I did my best," I said, feeling slightly mollified. "I wore a sprig of larch and a bluebell aft my hat. I don't think a female hiker can wear pants until she earns a hiking button. Fifty miles wins one."

"Oh, ho!" roared Norah. "Middle-aged dementia: That's it. Middle-aged janes wearing pants, doing stunts and earning buttons, ha, ha, ha!"

I let her laugh.

"I suppose you slept in these?" she said, indicating the painted teepees, or did you need a badge to get in? Golly, I hate tents, and marmots and rats and mosquitoes!"

I let her go on. No need to confess that I could have qualified. I had done my tenderfooting in a survey camp with my husband. I can still feel that mouse crawling under my nightie.

Norah was humming—

Deep in the mountains  
There is a tent for two—

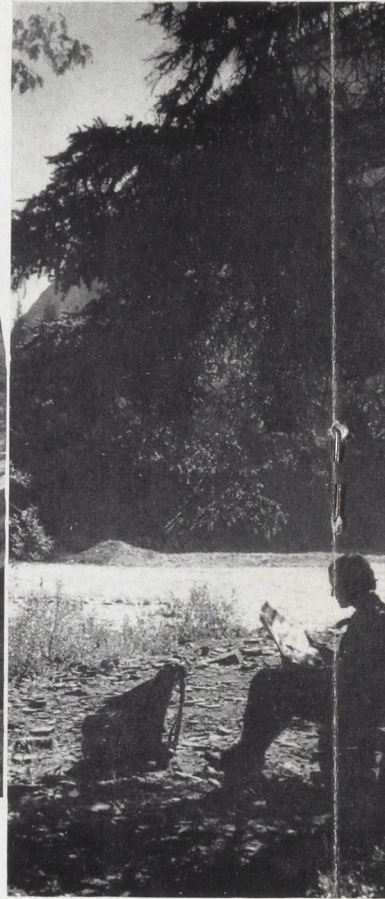
"These songs get me," she said with a grin. "I'm going on that Sky Line Hike sometime to meet the guy that wrote them. I'll bet he's a good guy!"

"Good guy!" I said.





*Valley of the Winding Bow*



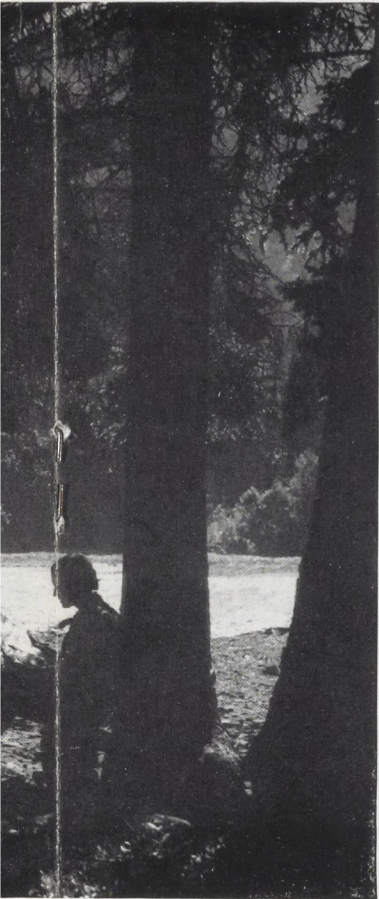
*Tranquil Interlude by Spray*



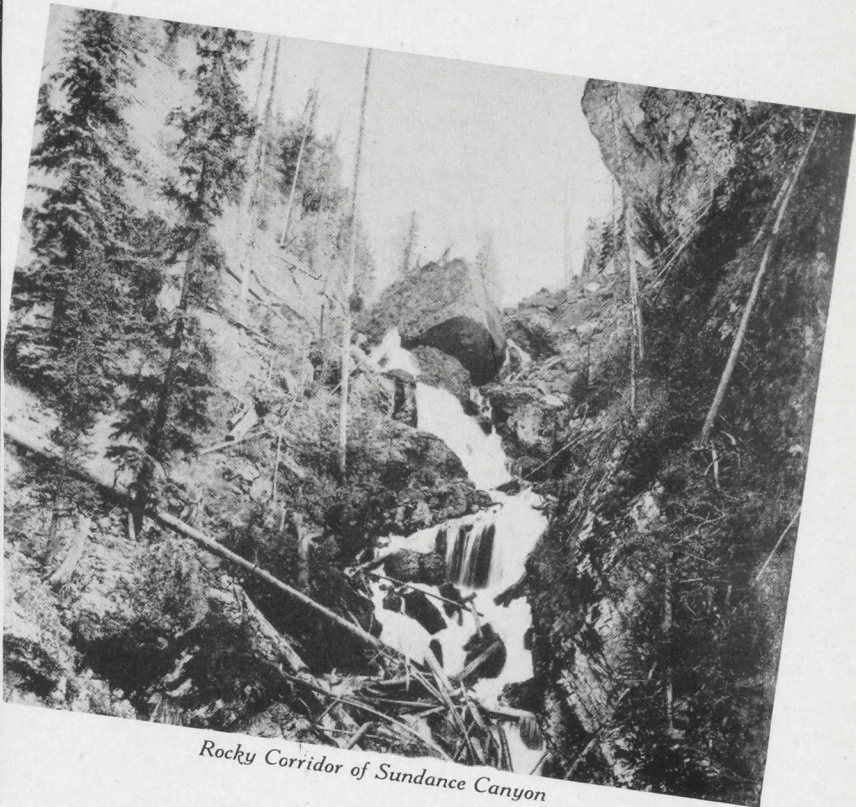
*Where the Spray Meets the Bow*



NG THE BOW AND SPRAY VALLEYS



lude by Spray River



Rocky Corridor of Sundance Canyon



Mount Rundle's Streamlined Sihouette

Photos by C.P.R.





C.P.R. Photo

*Golden Eaglets at Home*

## *Birds of the Upland Trails*

by Dan McCowan

In considering a group of birds whose habitat is that of lofty hills and of high wind-swept moorland in the Canadian Rockies, one might be tempted to give pride of place to that great bird of prey, the golden eagle. Highly spectacular in flight, dignified in appearance and demeanour, it is the largest bird native to the western mountains. (Except when it is an eaglet—Ed.)

Chiefly through the medium of battle flags, metal coinage and golf, the eagle has been given what a cynical owl might term a bit of a ballyhoo in the "Who's Who of the Feathered World." Indeed a confirmed Sky Line Trail Hiker could reasonably be pardoned for preferring the ptarmigan as pre-eminently the most characteristic fowl of the high meadows and of timberline.

This alpine grouse, unlike the eagle, is a permanent resident in cloudland where, through torrid days of summer and amidst roaring winter gales, it is equally at home. Feeding partly on fruity salads of bearberries, bilberries and juniper, it adds variety to the menu by an occasional meal of lichens and of grasshoppers. The staple food of this hardy bird is, however, had from the buds of heath and false heather of

which provender there is ample supply during the greater part of the year.

### *Ptarmigan Good Hikers*

Male and female ptarmigan are clad alike, in spring donning sport coats of tweedy pattern whose varied colours harmonize beautifully with the summer and autumn landscape. When winter is nearing, a remarkable change of raiment is seen, for then the entire plumage becomes white, in marked contrast to the jet black eyes, toenails and bill. While a white coat in winter is doubtless of value for purpose of concealment from enemies, it has also superior thermal qualities, and thus is vitally important in retaining precious body heat during the season of frost and snow.

As a hiker this grouse has few equals. It can fly strongly and swiftly but, unless in an emergency, prefers to walk and is most at home with both feet on the ground. In this behaviour there is nothing mysterious; the birds obtain all their food while on foot. Other than lowly shrubs, scant tussocks of reedy grass and an occasional labyrinth of rock debris, there is no



*Ptarmigan in Summer  
Attire*



Photo by  
Armstrong  
Roberts



*Hawk Talks  
Back*



*Redtail Hawks—in  
Swaddling Clothes*

Photos by  
Dan McCowan



covert and thus, when danger is imminent, the ptarmigan either squats amongst herbage or scurries to a funk hole in a rock slide rather than seeking safety in aerial flight.

Hawks and eagles in summer, owls, weasels and coyotes at all seasons, are dread enemies of these birds and, despite large broods hatched early in May in the lee of a sun-warmed boulder, only a small number of the chicks reach maturity or live to a ripe old age.

During the winter months the ptarmigan are almost sole tenants of the solitudes on Simpson Plateau or on the windy heights above O'Hara Lake. Brisk conies may pass the time of day in December and sun dogs may stare at the



Photo Cliff White

#### *Ptarmigan Can Hike*

birds in January but otherwise they have few neighbours on the uplands at that bleak season of the year. With the coming of May, however, the yawning marmots creep out to feel the sun and presently small birds of migratory habit come home again to the heights.

#### *Finches Raid Natural Ice-box*

Amongst such feathered voyagers returning to favoured haunts at high altitudes the rosy finches are perhaps most evident, chiefly from their habit of congregating in vast flocks in the lower valleys in April, there awaiting the melting of snows on upper moorlands. This species of finch is known as the grey-crowned rosy finch from the fact that adults wear skull caps of ashen colour and waistcoats of a warm rose tint.

While depending almost entirely on plant seeds for food these finches are nevertheless obliged to nourish the nestlings on a diet of insects, the callow young being unable to cope with the hard husks of seeds. From time to time as high winds prevail, vast numbers of flies and bugs, rudely blown off their course and

wafted far afield, are carried over extensive snow fields. There, speedily benumbed, they drop on the cold white coverlet and are quickly frozen. To such natural refrigerators the parent rosy finches resort for supplies of insect food necessary to the growth and welfare of their offspring.

#### *Discordant "Nutcracker" Suite*

Amongst other birds of upland trails in the Banff- Lake Louise area, the grey crow is noteworthy. Known to ornithologists as "nutcracker", it is peculiar to the western mountains of North America where its harsh discordant cries disturb the solitudes as they echo loudly from cliff and scaur. This noisy fowl, relying chiefly on the seeds of Douglas fir for a living, may often be seen far up amongst the larches on errands of vital importance but of which I have no definite knowledge.

Upon rolling moors amidst gardens of colourful wild flowers are sundry outcrops of lichen-stained rock upon whose small pinnacles the American pipit perches, the while maintaining that perpetual bobbing motion characteristic of the birds of this species. Clad modestly in a grey suit this migratory highland skylark, while of solitary disposition, seems as blythe on grey days as on those that are bright and sunny. The pipit nests upon the ground, often choosing a site near to a little mountain tarn. It is truly a lover of timberline country.

#### *Solace of the Hills*

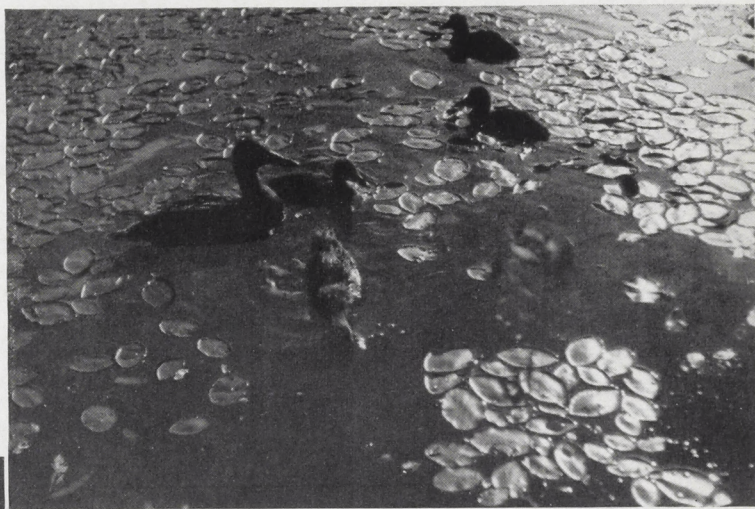
A pair of marsh hawks comes coursing across the wide heath, scanning the ground for gophers or mice. Sandpipers teeter on the shingle shore of a lonely lochan. The hoarse cry of a raven sounds ominous in the hush of a secluded glen. Strange that in such awesome surroundings male hummingbirds should flit hither and thither in midsummer blissfully free from all domestic worries which fall entirely to the lot of the careworn females.

High in the blue of the Canadian Rockies the great bronze eagle sails serenely on outspread wing, watching betimes the silvery meteors of mankind streaking swiftly across the sky yet undisturbed by the rumble of artillery, by the fierce glare of stabbing searchlights or by the hideous crash of falling masonry.

There is yet a splendid silence brooding over these snowcapped peaks and flower-strewn meadows so that one may still find solace in the music of a little waterfall, in the silken sound of wind in the larches or in the gentle evensong of a tiny bird.



*Pintail Duck  
Flotilla*



*Young  
Mountain  
Bluebird*



Photos by Dan McCowan

*Banff Bittern Likes Swamp*





*On the Simpson Summit Skyline*

C.P.R. Photo

## *Speaking of Hiking*

*by Graham Nichols*

Chances are I'd never have known that a "hiku" was a New Zealand scabbard fish had it not been for the Sky Line Trail Hike. Not that it would have mattered much; I had consulted the encyclopedia primarily to read up on hiking — and, if possible, find out what it was all about. So I passed lightly over the "hiku" item and concentrated on hike, hiker, hiking and hiked.

This may all sound a bit silly to seasoned Trail Hikers — trying to learn the art of hiking from a living-room armchair. However, it's more comfortable that way, and I only wanted to brush up on a few facts anyhow.

How did hiking differ from the everyday act of walking — or did it? That was the main question. I was scheduled to accompany the Sky Line Trail Hikers, whose very name conjured up visions of seasoned alpinists, on their annual trek to the high hills — and I had two months to get into shape. Seasoned hikers may laugh again, but I was definitely out of season.

### *Hiking Experience Nil*

My previous hiking experience had been limited to daily jaunts (except Sundays) across

Westmount Park to catch the 8.27 train to Windsor station — hiking time approximately seven minutes. Occasionally, when sprinting was necessary, the time was reduced by two or three minutes. Distance covered was approximately a quarter of a mile. That was the sum total of my qualifications; I hadn't even been a hitch hiker.

I had always associated the word "hiking" somewhat vaguely with rather wearisome treks in the country, with periodic "time out" for adjusting a bothersome piece of footwear, cooking bacon at the end of a stick and subsequently retrieving it from a grey bed of ashes; drinking sun-warmed water from a boy scout water bottle — and awakening next morning with blistered feet.

The name "Sky Line Trail", however, held promise of something infinitely more glamorous — more mysterious. And reference to the Canadian Rockies heaped further glamour on the picture. This was definitely worth a rendezvous with the imagination. So with two months' training time at my disposal, I was determined to join that colourful safari with some semblance of a hiker's demeanor, or at least a hiker's vocabulary.



Hence my date with the encyclopedia. Fumbling through the pages, slowing down at the "h's", and by-passing the "hiku" I was finally alone with the hikers. There were pictures, details of hiking apparel, a word about hiker history and a few latin derivatives. However, with all due respect to the "encylopediauthors", their efforts were not entirely helpful to my cause. It was like learning to swim by correspondence course.

I finally decided that the best kind of preparation would be to hoof it more often, to sleep on the floor, and wherever possible shun the elevator in a ten-storey building and take to the stairways. There were, however, enough good pointers in the encyclopedia to define the why and wherefore of hiking — all of which boiled down to Webster's definition in the dictionary. "To hike", says Mr. Webster, "is the act of walking with a swing."

### *Accent on Swing*

"Swing!" — That was the key to the whole thing. After all, this was the age of swing. It was expressed (somewhat dubiously) under the guise of dancing by juke-box artists and jitter-bugs. It was exemplified in the streamlined design of automobiles, railroad trains, radios and electric toasters. "Swing" — It had even given its name to a new kind of type. It would be swingtime in the Rockies once the hike got under way!

Chances are, however, Mr. Webster never anticipated the forthcoming age of swing when he innocently applied the word to the act of hiking. Reference to the word, no doubt, intended to convey the picture of briskly swinging arms and legs, or perhaps to the swing of spirits that soar skyward with the rising altitudes.

That is exactly how it affected me — and the rest of the gang — on that memorable morning of July 31st, when we courageously set forth from the Warden's Cabin in the direction of Sunshine Lodge, eight miles distant. The air was clear, fresh and exhilarating; it kept the energies in a constant state of renewal, the spirits buoyant and the imagination rampant.

It seemed strange to think that I was actually heading for the mystic Sky Line along with other members of this colourful fraternity whose exploits I had so long admired from the pages of the Sky Line Trail magazine. In book form the hikers appeared in a somewhat heroic light, as human "mountain goats", whose secrets were shared only among their own numbers and the giant hills themselves. "No place for a city softy" I soliloquized scanning the pages, and picturing myself en route back to Banff on a stretcher after the first two miles.

Yet here I was setting forth on the trail with more pep and energy than I ever enjoyed in my life. Perhaps it was the rarefied air, possibly the exhilarating companionship. It may have been purely psychological. But it was a grand and glorious feeling anyhow.



*Jean Gets Her Bearings*

C.P.R.  
Photo

The first lap of the hike, of course, was a cinch for everyone, that is, everyone but President-Elect Sidney Hollander and his hiking consort. The trail for this energetic pair began at the doorstep of the Mount Royal Hotel on Banff Avenue.

Sartorically speaking it was a colourful band that debussed at the Healy Creek starting point . . . particularly in the ranks of the so called weaker sex. Skirts were taboo in most cases, with slacks, breeches and knickers doing the same job with equally pleasing effect. The gals meant business, and their apparel was designed for roughing it.

When we arrived at Warden's Cabin, however, we might have appeared as just another gang of outdoors lovers. But no one could have doubted our hiker's identity when we hit the trail for Sunshine. The transformation was effected by that mystic weapon known as the alpenstock.





*A Haven for Hikers — Larix Lake*

C.P.R. Photo

It's surprising what assurance can be imparted by one of those mountain-going walking sticks. It may be purely psychological but it works! Someone shoved one into my hand at Warden's Cabin and I felt as though I could scale Mount Assiniboine. The feeling persisted as our little party consumed the mileage that lay between the Cabin and our main encampment at Sunshine Valley.

Strange it is too how effortless walking (or hiking if you like) becomes under the proper conditions. In the city mention of a mile-long walk is inclined to make you droop with fatigue. On the trail a mile is just another fleeting scene in a moving pageant of natural colour.

#### *Alone with our Thoughts*

Somewhere along the trail to Sunshine we fell apart into groups of twos, threes and fours, while some even saw fit to proceed in solitude. This is a natural inclination on the trail. It gives the hiker a chance to be alone with his thoughts and admire the grandeur of nature in silent reverence. As Mary Weekes so fittingly described it, "hiking gives one a chance to take a long view of the mad rush and hubbub that surrounds and complicates one's average day."

#### **WILLIAM R. READER DIES AT CALGARY**

William R. Reader, a vice-president of the Sky Line Trail Hikers and one of Western Canada's foremost authorities on plant life, died suddenly on January 26th at his home in Calgary, Alta.

News of Mr. Reader's death will be received with the deepest regret by Sky Line Trail Hikers with whom the late Mr. Reader had been associated since August, 1940.

Keenly interested in all aspects of horticulture, Mr. Reader was a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society and for many years had been Superintendent of the City Parks at Calgary.

Through his foresight and effort he had transformed Calgary from a city of barren and windswept plains to a city of green arbors.

Prior to the war he had conducted a large tour party to Great Britain where he had access to the most outstanding gardens in the United Kingdom.





# Sky Line Trail Hikers

## OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

### Certificate of Life Membership

Whereas \_\_\_\_\_ has qualified for Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By Laws which reads

*Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards may compound their paid and future dues by payment of \$10.00 which shall absolve them from further payment of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate upon the additional payment of \$100, but shall not exempt them from special dues or assessments should such be considered necessary.*

This Certificate is granted to the above mentioned member who has fulfilled all the necessary conditions  
No \_\_\_\_\_

Secretary Treasurer

President

The Life Membership Certificate for the Sky Line Trail Hikers designed by R. H. Palenske.

#### LIFE MEMBERS

Adam, Miss Edith, Marlow, England.  
Booz, Miss Elisabeth, Washington, Pa.  
Crosby, L. S., Banff, Alta.  
Diverty, Miss Jane, Woodbury, N.J.  
Gibbon, J. M., Montreal, Que.  
Harbison, Miss Helen D., Philadelphia, Pa.

McCowan, Dan, Banff, Alta.  
McCowan, Mrs. Dan, Banff, Alta.  
Mitchell, G. B., Rutherford, N.J.  
Moore, Lt.-Col. P. A., Banff, Alta.  
Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.  
Simpson, Mrs. James, Banff, Alta.

Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Vaux, Jr., Mrs. George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Sidney, B.C.  
Wilde, J. R., Hazlemere, England.  
Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta.  
Whyte, Mrs. Peter, Banff, Alta.



# Sky Line Trail Hikers

## OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

*Hon. President*

SIR EDWARD BEATTY, G.B.E.

*President*

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